

## Back in the days

Trick Daddy

Back in the days  
It wasn't no AIDS  
It wasn't no AK's  
More afros than braids  
Wasn't nuttin for a boy to get a straight fade  
But not no mo  
Niggaz done twist up the fro  
Let it lock and grow  
Quick to go to gunplay bout that fro  
Nigga you don't know

And I'm thinkin bout when  
Round the time i was ten  
And way before the pen  
The worst thing i ever remember seeing  
Was a boy get his whole head bashed in  
But now they gettin blown off  
Whole chest torn off  
Whole block roped off  
Two clips in his house for fuckin round  
Runnin off at his damn mouth  
Yep back in the days it wadn't bout fame  
And it wudn't bout a name  
Plus it wudn't no thang  
To kill a nigga and do the rest of ya life in the chain gang  
But na shit done changed  
And I know it seem strange  
But I'm a maintain  
So I'm a stack my flow and say "fuck you hoes"  
stay the fuck out the chain gang

Some hoes no shame  
Other hoes play games  
See they'll fuck ya for the fame  
And when the heat is on and they cant hang  
Theyll give them crackers yo name  
Thell say it under oath  
And swear to tell the truth  
Run down what ya do  
How ya clown wit ya crew  
Along with that a list of shit like who fucked in who house  
Tell a ho about ya spot  
Where ya threw away the glock  
But every bitch that ya shot  
Every key that ya caught  
And every car that ya drop  
The ninety-seven drop tops  
And them Carolina trips  
And then they grill you the flip  
Time and date when ya dip  
Every deal you done dealt  
And every crib you done built  
With no muthafuckin guilt  
Back in tha days  
It wudn't none a this  
Ya couldn't pay a bitch to snitch  
It just goes to show that

Fuck niggaz and slimy hoes make the world flip the script

See back in the days  
All pimps got paid  
And all hoes got slayed  
Alot a money got saved  
And every playa had it made  
In Dade  
We was slayed before then  
Boys was made before then  
Way before them  
Raisin poor men  
With no choice  
Way before them  
But na shit done changed  
I mean a nigga done came  
Ya done took our name  
We done peeped yall game  
Ya ovalooked our pain  
Man, and we aint tryin to be friends  
Ya wudn't tryin back then  
Had a problem with my skin  
Got together with ya clan  
And send a young poor black man  
Straight to the pen  
Ya had beef with the blacks  
But na the blacks got the gats  
So if a cracker talk slick his ass gon get whacked  
And you can bet that  
See nigga  
Back in the days  
I was young and afraid  
So dumb in a way  
I was trapped in a maze  
Locked up in a cage  
So hey